

The Critic

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Literature

A Friend of Coleridge *

NO FULL or thoroughly satisfactory biography of Coleridge has yet been written, and no adequate statement has been made of his character and influence. Several valuable contributions towards a clear understanding of his life have been recently made, but they are all too fragmentary, or not sufficiently important to bring the man before us as he was known by his intimate friends. One of the very best books which has been published concerning him is the biography of his friend, Thomas Poole. One side of his character is presented with greater distinctness in this book than anywhere else, and with a juster appreciation of his greatness as a thinker. It is as a friend and daily companion that he is described in the biography of Poole, who knew him in his early manhood, when he was at his best, and before his reputation had been gained. The characteristics of his later life had begun to develop themselves, but he was still the enthusiastic friend of humanity, the bold and impassioned thinker along radical lines, and the highly imaginative poet.

Thomas Poole was a native of Nether Stowey, in the West of England, and there he followed the business of a tanner all his life. He imbibed the revolutionary ideas of the last part of the eighteenth century, and these brought him into contact with Coleridge, Wordsworth, Wedgwood, and many other most interesting people. He was an enthusiastic lover of books and a zealous student, though he did not have a university training. He was an earnest democrat in politics, a practical philanthropist of the ideal type, and a successful man of business. His sympathies were wide-reaching in their activity, his ideas were broad and generous, and he was one of the truest and most faithful of friends. His admirable qualities drew Coleridge into his neighborhood, where he lived for a considerable period, his near neighbor and his frequent companion. Wordsworth also took up his residence for some months close to Poole; and this was at a period when their presence in a country village was thought to be indicative of every kind of evil.

We have in this biography the fullest and most satisfactory account of the Pantisocracy of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey which has ever been published. It is contained in a letter of Thomas Poole to a friend, and his account is so explicit that it may be presented in full:—'Twelve gentlemen of good education and liberal principles are to embark with twelve ladies in April next. Previous to their leaving this country they are to have as much intercourse as possible, in order to ascertain each other's dispositions, and firmly to settle every regulation for the government of their future conduct. Their opinion was that they should fix themselves at—I do not recollect the place, but somewhere in the delightful part of the new back settlements; that each man should labor two or three hours in a day, the produce of which labor would, they imagine, be more than sufficient to support the colony. As Adam Smith observes

* Thomas Poole and his Friends. By Mrs. Henry Sandford. 2 vols. \$6. New York: Macmillan & Co.

that there is not above one productive man in twenty, they argue that if each labored the twentieth part of time, it would produce enough to satisfy their wants. The produce of their industry is to be laid up in common for the use of all; and a good library of books is to be collected, and their leisure hours spent in study, liberal discussions, and the education of their children. A system for the education of their children is laid down, for which, if this plan at all suits you, I must refer you to the authors of it. The regulations relating to the females strike them as most difficult; whether the marriage contract shall be dissolved if agreeable to one or both parties, and many other circumstances, are not yet determined. The employments of the women are to be the care of infant children, and other occupations suited to their strength; at the same time the greatest attention is to be paid to the cultivation of their minds. Every one is to enjoy his own religious and political opinions, provided they do not encroach on the rules previously made, which rules, it is necessary to add, must in some measure be regulated by the laws of the state which includes the district in which they settle. They calculate that each gentleman providing 125*l.* will be sufficient to carry the scheme into execution. Finally, every individual is at liberty, when he pleases, to withdraw from the society.'

It was the connection of Thomas Poole with Coleridge, Wordsworth, Wedgwood, Lamb, Southey, and others of this literary set, which caused his biography to be written by his niece; but he was a man worthy of such companionship. His correspondence with these men is extremely interesting, and especially that with Coleridge, who wrote to him with great freedom and confidence. Coleridge found in Poole his firmest friend for several years, and one upon whom he could count for money, advice and personal help. The story of Poole's life is lovingly told; we are made to admire him for his benevolence, his disinterested friendships and his manly character. He made his influence deeply felt in the lives of all with whom he associated.

John Burroughs's "Indoor Studies" *

THESE 'INDOOR STUDIES' of books and bookish matters, some of which made their first appearance in these columns, are the proper complement of the author's naturalist essays. No one could write so about things of the field and forest who was not also at home in the library; as regards insight into nature, it is to be doubted whether the man without books has much advantage over the mere bookworm. The ordinary countryman knows but little of his surroundings; but Burroughs not only brings to his investigations a keen pair of eyes and an inquisitive intelligence, but in recounting his discoveries he is seldom quite satisfied unless he can link them to those of others, of modern men of science and poets of all times. For this, a wild guess of Plutarch or of Pliny is as good as a record of the Weather Bureau, and he would as soon go to Keats as to Asa Gray for the description of a flower. He calls himself 'a literary naturalist'; and in fact literature holds almost as great a place with him as nature, and he can hardly bring himself to write of the latter from any but the old, literary, human point of view. In the present volume his slowness to take up, his alacrity in retreating from, the scientific position is evident in his essay on 'Science and Literature' and the shorter one, 'An Open Door.' It would seem from these and from some passages in his critiques of 'Matthew Arnold's Criticism' and 'Arnold's View of Emerson and Carlyle,' that he regards the best literature of to-day as in some way taking the place of the religion which he conceives modern science as having demolished—as a sort of vice-religion, so to speak. How little he believes in its efficiency may be gathered from his attack on Arnold's view that what is natural in Christianity might suffice for our religious needs; but it leads him to revere his favorite authors as a Christian might the saints, to look to them for

* Indoor Studies. By John Burroughs. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

counsel and consolation, to regard any harsh criticism of them as something approaching a sacrilege. It is in this temper that he reads his Wordsworth and his Emerson, his Carlyle and his Whitman, and Arnold himself. It is for this reason, because he can derive no moral teaching from him, that he renounces Victor Hugo. What he looks for in a book, he tells us, is to have nature moralized, without which nature is crude and raw. Such service he gets from the writers just mentioned, to whom he adds Thoreau, Ruskin, Coleridge and Tennyson; and for this service he rates them far above those to whom Arnold, standing out for perfect form, would subordinate them—Milton, Gray, Addison and the rest.

This choice of models, is, of course, reflected in his own style. Most of these essays lack completeness and finish. His ideas are not always fully thought out; they are sometimes contradictory. None of the longer essays leaves a clear impression on the mind. His readers are occasionally, like the audience of a Western 'evangelist,' introduced to the highest considerations through some forecourt of vulgar circumstance. But at intervals less than diurnal he sheds a broad, solar light over his subject. One does not have to read many pages to meet some passage of extraordinary power. His images are more than apt, they are monumental; as when he says of Emerson that, compared with other poets, he is as the essence to the flower; that he reduces the mountain of carbon of the material world to a handful of diamonds. Of Burroughs himself, we might say that he fails on this point of refinement and compression; he gives too much tailings with the ore; but the tailings, even, are worth trying out.

"Elementary Biology"*

NO OTHER department of science has made greater advances in our days than that which is included under the title of biology. Leading questions which were hardly posed a few years ago are now answered with confidence; botany and zoölogy have been brought into definite relations, and the methods and the very aims of each have been revolutionized. Whereas systems of classification used to take many times the space given to the study of structures, and the higher forms were studied almost to the exclusion of the lower, all is now changed; a thorough study of the simpler forms of life is demanded as a preparation for that of the more complex forms, and the student is incited to appropriate the results at least of the microscopic investigations of Haeckel and de Bary, van Tieghem and Claus; more than that, to ground himself in modern chemistry and physics before attacking the study of the phenomena of life.

Hence the need of new elementary text-books has been felt for some time, and will doubtless be felt for some time to come; for the task of writing a thoroughly acceptable book of the sort is no light one. That by R. J. Harvey Gibson falls short of what is required in its opening chapter principally, in which an effort is made to introduce the student to those physical and chemical conceptions which bear directly on biological problems. For the insufficiency and obscurity of this chapter Mr. Gibson is perhaps not much to blame, for it would probably require a volume as large as his whole work to give a clear summary of the matters treated of in it. This is unfortunate, however, as constant reference is made to this chapter in the body of the work. For the rest, the author's plan is an admirable one, and is very well carried out. Beginning with a short account of the composition and nature of protoplasm, he goes on to describe the simplest living organisms, and then, step by step, the higher, giving a great deal of space to the cryptogams, showing in a couple of chapters on the lily and the ranunculus just how the higher vegetable forms rise above them, and doing the same by the animal king-

dom—going, however, no higher than the frog, which is very fully described. An added chapter to each section sums up the general result. The work is abundantly and well illustrated, and may be recommended to pupils and teachers already prepared to understand the references to the laws of inorganic nature without depending on the exposition which the author gives of them.

"The Wrong Box"*

MR. STEVENSON appears to set about the writing of a book as lightly as the tennis-champion of all England might lift his racket against some village Renshaw spoiling for defeat. A quire of smooth paper, a light-running stub pen—or, in these latter days, it may be the hand of an amanuensis, the mouth of a phonograph, or the keyboard of a type-writing machine,—these, with a few days of confinement to his cottage in the Adirondacks or his cabin on the tempestuous Pacific, and the thing is done. The fertility and facility with which he evolves a plot, the ease with which he involves his characters in a labyrinth of half-ludicrous, half-tragical perplexities, the constant sprightliness of his narrative and the life-like piquancy of his dialogue give one the feeling that his literary productiveness is limited only by the nimbleness of his index finger, or the volubility of the machine to which he unbosoms himself when it sets itself to betray his confidence. His mind appears, indeed, a fathomless reservoir of plot, dialogue and disquisition, whose capacity for supplying the public need is limited only by the diameter of the pipe that conveys its treasures cityward. No matter how 'clever' one may be, one never feels, in reading a story of Stevenson's, that he himself 'could talk like that forever,' but he does feel that Stevenson could. And it looks very much as if he not only could, but were going to. For our part, we hope he will.

'The Wrong Box' reminds one in a general way of the 'New Arabian Nights' tale of 'The Saratoga Trunk,' though the author is not felt to be plagiarizing from himself. The idea of a dead body astray in a great city is one that evidently has a peculiar fascination for his imagination, and offers opportunities which he felt were by no means exhausted in the earlier and shorter story. The subject is treated with a hand so light as to rob it of its more repulsive features, while leaving it grewsome enough to satisfy any reader with only a normal appetite for the abnormal. London and Bournemouth, and the region lying between the swarming metropolis and 'that uncharted wilderness of villas' by the sea, are the scene in which the action of the tale takes place; but the whole thing is an extravaganza, born of pure fancy and running its course in the No Man's Land to which Stevenson has often before bidden his readers welcome. Like so much that he has written, it seems the work of a man of genius bending but half his energies to the task in hand. It is not so rare a work of art as the first series of 'New Arabian Nights,' but it is one that we should look for in vain from any other living writer of English fiction. And it is Stevenson straight through—notwithstanding the legend on the title-page which couples with his the unfamiliar name of Mr. Osbourne, or the apologetic preface, signed 'R. L. S.' and 'L. O.', in which the authors are described as being one of them 'old enough to be ashamed of himself, and the other young enough to learn better.' Where 'R. L. S.' leaves off and 'L. O.' begins, it would puzzle a Quaker City barrister to determine. The joint authors may know, but if they do we don't believe they will tell. And even if Mr. Osbourne's only share in the book should prove to be the penning of his initials at the foot of the preface aforesaid, so long as that sufficed to protect his stepfather from piracy in this Christian land of ours, we should not resent the appearance of his name on the title-page—nay more, would pardon even the superfluous *u* that gives that name an aspect so unwonted.

* *Elementary Biology*. By R. J. Harvey Gibson. \$1.75. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

* *The Wrong Box*. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. \$1. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

"Four Stories" by Henry James *

IT IS SAID that the Chinese are the most exquisite caterers of indelicate things on the globe. They will pickle fins and preserve beetles for you with the finest art imaginable; dyeing their wines with the yellow poison of oranges, distilling nectar out of toads, and rivalling a *ragout* of nightingales' tongues with their grotesque ingenuities. One cannot help thinking of this misplaced genius in reading Mr. Henry James's latest batch of stories—flies in amber, confections *à la Chinoise*. Three of them have tempted us to read them through by their delightful style, their happy off-hand phrasing, the sparkle of the amber around the imprisoned insect. The fourth and last we could not swallow for the repulsive bitterness left in the soul by 'A London Life,' 'The Patagonian' and 'The Liar': a revulsion as of some intellectual emetic threatened to follow a new taste of the poisoned wine. In 'A London Life' Mr. James paints with inexcusable cleverness the wretchedness of an international marriage—a brilliant, adulterous American coquette and her English matrimonial entanglements,—inexcusable because Mr. James's genius is too precious to be thrown away on such stuff, and because the stuff itself is inexcusable. In 'The Patagonian,' again, a bit of Chinese perverseness: common people with their common lives and common flirtations and common talk enshrined in a perfect style,—all as iridescent as John Randolph's dead salmon in the moonlight. A girl going to marry her betrothed in Liverpool suddenly falls in love with a fellow-passenger, becomes supremely miserable at his 'unresponsiveness,' and—jumps overboard! This was the best thing she could do, to be sure; but why fish her up at all? In 'The Liar' Mr. James utterly spoils the effect of the story by following the example of Corneille in 'Le Menteur' and prefixing a title that 'leaves nothing to be desired'—with a vengeance. Lessing has a story of a raven trying to breed eagles; but, verily, here is an eagle with a nestful of ravens! Misplaced genius, whether in the cuisine or in composition, is always to be regretted; it is even more so when a great writer throws a halo around triviality or leaves a poison-drop shimmering on the edge of the cup he offers us.

The Green Mountain State †

ONE BY ONE the handsome volumes in this list of lively histories of the States are issuing from the brains of the authors and the press of the projector of the series. The fourth in order treats of the latest admitted of the New England States, which was so long claimed by New York and whose people for forty years had a unique struggle for independence. In a series of books purposely projected as contract work to be done by authors whom the chief editor happens to know, there will be unequal results, and the loss of permanent value from haste will soon be apparent. The work of Mr. Heaton does not, however, strike us as being done to order. Evidently from long familiarity and loving study he has gathered and correlated facts. In one sense the book is dry, but it is also free from sensational boasting, though every page is tinged with a glow of honest pride. Wit and humor are not wanting, and the annals of the home and farm, the progress of art, science, invention, agriculture, and social forces, are noted carefully, as well as the part played by the Vermont riflemen at Bennington and Gettysburg. Not famous for producing great leaders, the average quality of manhood in the Green Mountain State is yet notable. With critical power the author analyses the mythology of the early days, the legends which have gathered round Ethan Allen, and other historic characters, and is content with authenticated facts. This being the only history of Vermont written since the Mexican War, the author should find many readers not only at home, but west and south of Lake Champlain. In all the furniture of a

good book, the volume is rich: fresh and plentiful illustrations, map, chronological outline, State Constitution, a chapter on the bibliography of the subject, a good index, good paper, clear print, substantial and tasteful binding—all are here, and all at a moderate price.

"Chopin, and Other Musical Essays" *

FOR A NUMBER of years, up to last season, when illness prevented him from following his vocation, Henry T. Finck was musical critic of *The Evening Post*. As such he made his mark. The readers of his criticisms may at times have been in doubt as to the soundness of the principles which he advocated, or even have wished him greater purity and elegance of style; but on one point he never left them in doubt: his meaning and convictions were always clear. The same fearlessness of utterance that marked his newspaper writings is the strongest characteristic of the set of essays which have lately been issued in book form. It is a fearlessness that amounts to audacity, almost to recklessness. In view of the fact that most of his contentions make for the good of art, for the increase of sincerity and depth in æsthetic culture and a recognition of the value of music as a help to gentleness and refinement of feelings and manners, this unswerving frankness is an admirable trait; it speaks of strong conviction, and causes a lively rattling among the dry bones of conservatism and prejudice. Mr. Finck's writings are like a breeze in their refreshing and stimulating effect, but also like a breeze in their waywardness. They are to be commended because they are calculated to set people to thinking who are unaccustomed to such exercise, and to be received with caution by all who have neglected to equip themselves with a fund of knowledge sufficient to enable them to read discriminatingly. Mr. Finck is a good and vigorous pleader but a most untrustworthy historian. His temperament is not in the slightest degree judicial. He sees but one side of the shield, and not only denies that there is any beauty or fitness in the color of the other side, but refuses to admit the existence of that side. Facts which give the judicious pause are ignored or sneered out of the way. He has not learned that it is not necessary always to destroy before building. He wishes to praise a prelude or nocturne, and thinks it necessary to ridicule the sonata as an art-form—as if Goethe's 'Faust' must needs be demolished to make room for an appreciation of Heine's exquisite lyrics. Nor has he learned that there has been some merit in every form evolved in the progress of music, no matter how out of tune it may be with present taste and conviction. His wholesale abuse of the old Italian aria, like his condemnation of the sonata, tempts one to suspect that his acquaintance with those forms is limited to examples which illustrate not their use but their abuse. The subjects which Mr. Finck discusses are Chopin, whom he considers the greatest genius of the pianoforte that the world has produced, 'How Composers work,' 'Music and Morals,' 'Schumann, as Mirrored in his Letters,' 'Italian and German Vocal Styles,' and German Opera in New York.

"The Beginnings of Religion" †

MR. THOMAS SCOTT BACON, an English writer, but whether lay or clerical we cannot tell, has written an essay on 'The Beginnings of Religion.' His aim is to establish upon unshakable grounds the older theories of orthodoxy, and to confute the current theories of development and evolution. He combats the Duke of Argyll, Baring-Gould, Robertson Smith, and that general class of thinkers who have accepted the theory of a garden instead of a factory, in studying the creative processes and divine revelation. He continues and expands in this volume the positions set forth in his previous book on 'The Reign of God, not "The Reign of Law."' He examines the claims of 'natural religion,'

* Four Stories. By Henry James. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.
† Vermont. By John L. Heaton. \$1.50. (The Story of the States.) Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

* Chopin, and Other Musical Essays. By Henry T. Finck. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
† The Beginnings of Religion. By Thomas Scott Bacon. London: Rivingtons.

and denies that there is such a thing properly so-called. To him, all ideas of truth and duty as held in the various ethnic religions are but dimmed reflections and broken lights of the primitive revelation given to the first pair in Eden. Adam stands to our author's mind as an absolutely perfect and fully-dowered man, who in intellect and moral potency has had no peer among his descendants. The author professes to have made a searching examination into the various cults and faiths of the ancient and modern world, and thence to have found his positions fully substantiated and his opinions confirmed. To our view his pretentious claims seem shallow, and the breadth of his scholarship exposes itself as rather limited. In one respect the book has value; for the writer is evidently a thoughtful student of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, and the preacher and Christian layman will find in his pages many a gem of exegesis. He brings the whole course of Israelitish history and of the Bible narrative under detailed review. On many points, obscured by both the seventeenth and nineteenth century versions of the Bible, much light is thrown by the author's independent renderings. The data for forming opinions is thus freshly sifted and made more easy for exact use. The general tone, style and method are, however, rather those of the denominational pulpit than of the critical scholar. The work is a handsome octavo of over five hundred pages, is well indexed, and will delight all those who hold to the traditional view of the Bible and can tolerate no other.

Some Recent Books of Verse*

A MORE attractive volume, outside and inside, than Graham R. Tomson's 'The Bird-Bride: a Volume of Ballads and Sonnets' (1) it has not been our pleasure to see in many years. The work of this author has been before the public for some time, and has become familiar to all lovers of poetry who read the best periodical literature. From this work have been selected, carefully and judiciously, the contents of this little book numbering sixty-eight poems. A fine imagination, a remarkable strength of expression, and a great deal of individuality characterize all these ballads and sonnets; and they have a finish which renders them as nearly perfect as could be desired. In the ballads, the best of which we think are 'The Bird-Bride,' which first appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, and 'Deid Folks' Ferry,' there is an indescribable weirdness and charm. Of the two we think the second the better; beginning,

'Tis They, of a veritie—
They are calling thin an' shrill;
We maun rise an' put to sea,
We maun gi'e the deid their will,
We maun ferry them owre the faem,
For they draw us as they list:
We maun bear the deid folk hame
Through the mirk an' the saft sea-mist.

The sonnet to Omar Khayyám, inscribed to A. L., which doubtless stands for Andrew Lang, is one of the most beautiful things in the collection, and is worth reprinting here. It appeared originally in *The Atlantic*.

Sayer of sooth, and Searcher of dim skies!
Lover of Song, and Sun, and Summertime,
For whom so many roses bloomed and died;
Tender Interpreter, most sadly wise;
Of earth's dumb, inarticulated cries!
Time's self cannot estrange us, nor divide;
Thy hand still beckons from the garden-side,
Through green vine-garlands, when the Winter dies.
Thy calm lips smile on us, thine eyes are wet;
The nightingale's full song sobs all through thine,
And thine in hers,—part human, part divine!
Among the deathless gods thy place is set,
All-wise, but drowsy with Life's mingled Wine,
Laughter and Learning, Passion and Regret.

Perhaps our own individual choice would be made among the 'Verses,' where we should find the 'Scythe Song' closing with this stanza:

*1. The Bird-Bride. By Graham R. Tomson. \$1.75. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2. The Amaranth and the Beryl. By Charles Edward Barns. New York: Willard Fracker & Co. 3. A Book of Verses. By W. E. Henley. \$1.25. New York: Scribner & Welford. 4. Battle and After. By R. St. John Tyrwhitt. New York: Macmillan & Co. 5. A Cavern for a Hermitage. By Clarence A. Buskirk. New York: J. B. Alden.

Time! who tak'st and giv'st again
All things bitter, some things sweet,
Must we follow, all in vain
Follow still those phantom feet?
Is there not some grass-grown sheet,
Some old, yew-begirt parterre,
Where our Dreams and we may meet?
Hush! the Scythe says, Where, ah where?

It is hard to stop quoting from this admirable and in every way satisfactory volume. The collection closes with a number of poems in the old French forms which are quite as good as Messrs. Dobson and Lang's. We congratulate the lady who has written these exquisite poems—we congratulate 'Graham R. Tomson.'

In 'Amaranth and Beryl' (2) Charles Edward Barns offers his first fruits of poesy to the great Public. We see that four volumes of prose by the same author made their appearance simultaneously—one of essays and three of fiction. After we had read the poetry we took a peep into the prose, and we are disposed to prefer the latter. Mr. Barns's muse is given too much to philosophy, and she has not the faculty of expressing herself in very perspicuous language. She is too addicted to the catalogue-style of verse; the 'Untitled Lyrics' in this excellently printed volume are uninteresting mainly on this account. 'Amaranth and Beryl,' which is a long Elegy, has many good lines in it and is ambitious in its serious thoughtfulness, but it is very uneven both in its treatment and in its merit. The author does not seem to have a sure grasp on his subject. In 'Minabel,' which in form recalls Keats's 'Isabella,' there is better work and more artistic handling. But Mr. Barns is not artistic. He lacks technique: his work is crude. Before he achieves anything like success,—and his evident honesty and high purpose make us wish him all that they merit,—he must rid himself of his heavy philosophy, he must be content to treat only one subject at a time, he must remember that a poem demands a climax, he must study to make his work interesting (which most of these poems are not), and above all he must pay more attention to the technical quality of verse and keep in mind this bit of good advice given, in translation, by Mr. Dobson, who in technique is *facile princeps*:

Leave to the tiro's hand
The limp and shapeless style;
See that thy form demand
The labor and the file.

It is the file that Mr. Barns must learn to use if he would give his thoughts a worthy setting. The book is neatly gotten up, and introduces to the world of bookbuyers a new publisher as well as a new author.

A volume of admirable verse is William Ernest Henley's 'A Book of Verses' (3), a second edition of which has just been published containing four or five new poems. Of Mr. Henley's work we have had occasion to speak heretofore. His verses are fresh and original and show a rare poetic imagination. The collection is divided into 'Hospital Rhymes and Rhythms,' 'Life and Death (Echoes),' and 'Bric-à-Brac.' Let this, from the 'Echoes,' show what beauty one may find in this little book. It is called 'Margaritæ Sorori.'

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.
The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night, with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.
So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

In the 'Bric-a Brac' Mr. Henley treats us to delightful ballades rondeaux and rondels which he can write as well as anybody and in which he can cage rather more of an idea than his contemporaries, Mr. Dobson excepted. His fancy is ever light and quick; his ear has a keen sense of melody and metre; and his touch is sure and finished. We wish for his modestly named volume a dozen editions.

'Battle and After' (4), by R. St. John Tyrwhitt, is the title of a speculative poem as well as of the book which contains it. We do not find anything very interesting in this collection. The verses are rather difficult reading and give one the impression that the author had some trouble in making them. The book is admirably printed and is bound in a cover that looks well on a book-shelf.

We are informed by a printed slip enclosed in a 'A Cavern for a Hermitage' (5) that the Hon. Clarence A. Buskirk is 'better known in the legal than in the literary field,' and we believe it. We are also informed by the same slip that 'time and the critics will tell how high it (this volume) will rank him as a poet,'—and we agree to that. We wish him success in the legal field, and when he feels in a 'fine frenzy,' we hope that he will withdraw himself into his Cavern.

Recent Fiction

MR. ROBERT TIMSOL has done an original and clever piece of work in 'An Alien from the Commonwealth,' whose sub-title is 'The Romance of an Odd Young Man.' We should hardly go so far, however, as to call the book a romance unless Mr. Timsol bases the claim so to classify it upon the unreal ending of the tale, whereby the hero, at the very moment when the cumulative tendencies of all his past life were crystallizing into destiny, falls heir to a vast fortune which utterly upsets the whole scheme of karmic law that the author has so subtly followed. Until that moment we had been especially impressed with the verisimilitude of Mr. Timsol's study, but then we recognized that it was not a real story, but a mere piece of clever fiction. We perhaps had our warning early in the book, when an uncle in California was mentioned; for what have Californian uncles to do in books, but to die and belly the sails of drooping impecuniosity with the ill wind? But alas! we had not taken the warning. The book is, in reality, the study of certain immutable human laws. A man—a Southerner by birth and temperament—of broad ethical views, and uncommon mental faculties, gifted with powers that should contribute an admirable equipment for the tourney of life, fails utterly because he brings these gifts to focus upon every other phenomenon but the scene and conflict about him. The inevitableness of failure constituted the subtle truthfulness of Mr. Timsol's study. The author has made opportunity during the story to sketch with humorous satire the examination of MSS. and the editing of periodicals of a certain large publishing-house, which can not fail to touch the heart of many a victim. (\$1.50. Cupples & Hurd.)

THOSE who remember Kate Douglas Wiggin's 'The Birds Christmas Carol'—and who that read it does not?—will turn eagerly toward 'The Story of Patsy' lately put into print. Charming, delicate as is this narrative of the grimy little hunchback, who brought one day to Miss Kate's kindergarten the gift of an orange only partly 'squeeze' and begged to be admitted, we feel that it is overcharged with a tremulous sensibility that Miss Wiggin would be the last to encourage. Her tender appreciation of the pathos of the starved little lives that made up her kindergarten has led her into an exaggerated expression of it. The story has neither the force nor the reserve of her earlier story, and has lost in a certain undertone of coloring probably in direct proportion as the tale was impressed upon her mind by actual scenes. (60 cts. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

IF I SHOULD SAY that Smith is too stupid to be endured, or that Jones is not up to the average of mental balance, the world at large, and Smith and Jones in particular, may read into these judgments the alternative thought that I may be too stupid to understand Smith, or not up to Jones's mental average myself. In such cases what course shall a prudent man pursue? Timidity, cowardice, prudence all point to one resource: to say nothing—to express no opinion. Apropos of which thought we mention three books: 'A Disillusioned Occultist,' 'Digby, Chess Professor,' and 'A Venetian Study in Black and White,' all by Charles Edward Barns, and published by Willard Fracker & Co., at fifty cents per volume. IN THE BELIEF (avowed in the preface) that 'the minds of our youth demand stories of pleasing adventure in which there is not too much of sermonizing, but in which the best of instruction may be given and unconsciously received,' Mr. Samuel N. Odell has started out to write a story for young men, the result of which he has called 'Adam Lore's Choice.' Like poor man's pudding we acknowledge the necessity of such books in the economy of nature, but we refuse to partake thereof. (\$1. Hunt & Eaton.)—'THE MINISTER'S WIFE,' by J. K. Ludlum, is a tale of the religious experiences of a country village—the sowing and reaping of a minister and his wife in a field which, like all others, had to be watered and tended according to its special need. (\$1. Hunt

& Eaton.)—IT WAS WITH real curiosity that the reviewer picked up 'The Nether World,' by George Gissing. Here was an opportunity to enlarge one's information. But it did not take long to discover that the book contained nothing uncommon either in material or intent, and that its title was a symbolic covering for what appeared cruel and puzzling to the author in the world that is. (45 cts. Harper & Bros.)

Minor Notices

IN THE VALUABLE series of handy monographs under the general editorship of Prof. E. A. Freeman, entitled *Historic Towns*, the fifth volume is devoted to Carlisle. Into that ancient city's sunken streets, along its cloister-like line of shops, and over its well-preserved walls, every American likes to go; and those who propose to look out over the historic landscape from Carlisle's towers cannot do better than read this book, for it will people the past and reconstruct the scenery as nothing else can do it. The author is the well-known Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge, Dr. Mandell Creighton. A persistent pedestrian, a practical antiquary, and a native townsman of Carlisle, he has sought his lore from houses and relics and living witnesses, as well as from books and manuscripts. Hence there is a freshness and vividness in the treatment of the long and varied story which is notably absent from the closet historian's writings. Carlisle was a border city and suffered the vicissitudes, as well as enjoyed the glory, of being a strategic point. The Roman times, the re-founding as a city with mixed population in the eleventh century, the Scottish wars, and long frontier warfare, with the seventeenth century changes, and modern growth, are crisply and clearly described. Though no longer 'the Border City,' it is doubtful whether anyone of the smaller cities of England possesses such general and romantic interest as Carlisle. Two good maps and an index supplement a fine piece of author's, printer's, and binder's work. (\$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)

A Dainty piece of typography is the reprint of the official English translation of 'The Constitution of the Empire of Japan,' with the addresses delivered at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, April 17, 1889, at a meeting in commemoration of its promulgation. In the forty-seven pages are given a list of Japanese graduates and students of this famous Baltimore institution, an account of the exercises of commemoration, the Mikado's preamble to the Constitution, the seventy-six articles of the document itself, and the addresses of the Hon. T. M. Cooley and of Toyokichi Iyénaga. The discourse of Mr. Iyénaga, which fills sixteen pages, is a remarkably vigorous review of the history of Japan, showing clearly that the new Constitution is no mere importation, as of a toy-machine borrowed from Europe, but a vital growth with stout roots in the past—a living thing likely to grow with health and vigor. (50 cts. Johns Hopkins University.)

SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE, the well-known historiographer of New England, has collected the facts relating to Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777, and told a story of singular interest. In captivating style and with dramatic skill he sets forth the movements leading to this decisive event in American history so that the narrative reads like a novel. The corollary events at Bennington and in the Mohawk Valley are graphically described; and more clearly than we can read them elsewhere, are the causes of failure explained. To an exhaustive knowledge of facts Mr. Drake adds philosophical insight. The little brochure of seven-score pages is furnished with portrait, maps, index and notes. (50 cts. Lee & Shepard.)—THE American Society of Church History began its vigorous life in New York on March 23, 1888, and held its first annual meeting in Washington on December 28 of the same year. It has just issued its first volume of papers. The work of editing has been done with unusual care and with the skill of a veteran by the Rev. Samuel M. Jackson, the Secretary of the Society, which already includes a large number of eminent theologians and scholars. Besides reports, letters and lists of members, we find seven or eight papers of especial value. Dr. Schaff, the President, traces the Progress of Religious Freedom as Shown in the History of the Toleration Acts. Indulgences in Spain are treated of by H. C. Lea, of Philadelphia. There are also scholarly papers by Rev. F. H. Foster, Hugh McDonald Scott, and A. C. McGifford, with a note by the Secretary on the need of a complete mission history in English. Of high literary importance and most interesting to the general reader is Rev. E. C. Richardson's paper on 'The Influence of the Golden Legend on Pre-Reformation Culture History.' The amazing vogue of this work of Voragine in the thirteenth century throws into the shade the popularity of such a work as 'Ben Hur' or even 'Robert Elsmere.' The volume is handsomely printed and well indexed. (\$3. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, the third son of the world-renowned champion of emancipation, is now accessible in a single volume of moderate price. His son, Reginald Wilberforce, six years ago wrote the life of the famous Lord Bishop of England, who had no equal as a debater in the House of Peers. Whether better known as a politician (in the British, not the American sense of the word), or as a churchman, it is hard to say. Living between the years 1805 and 1873, he was both early and late in the active currents of church and state life, and so came in contact with nearly all the famous people of Great Britain. The interest of this biography to Americans is manifest after reading a few pages, for names familiar to us all are found in abundance. Moreover, the Bishop wrote a history of the American Episcopal Church, and most of his other writings have been read on this side of the Atlantic. His biographer has omitted many of the purely ecclesiastical details and much of the uninteresting matter that weighed down the first biography, and besides revising the whole has added much new matter. A portrait and an index are also part of the literary furniture of this acceptable volume, which will find a place in many private libraries as well as in those of societies and churches. (\$1.75. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

'AN HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY of the United States' is a contribution of much value to the student of our national history. It is only a duodecimo about six inches square, with forty-four pages of text and the same of maps; but the busy man will welcome with pleased surprise the mass of information packed in type or capturable at a glance on the maps. These maps are admirably drawn and printed, and are colored so that the successive changes in our historical geography may be caught by the eye at once. The first six given are those from Toscanelli (1474) to Zaltieri (1566). The other series illustrate the colonial period (ten maps), national growth (11 maps), and development of the commonwealth (17 maps). The text is an excellent epitome of the history of the United States in all that touches geography or boundaries. A good index is added. It would be hard to commend this work too highly. (\$1. Townsend Mac Coun.)

THERE is a most piquant contrast between two late volumes of the Knickerbocker Nuggets that reach us simultaneously: 'The Wit and Wisdom of Sidney Smith' and 'The Essays of De Quincey.' The peculiar, sombre nature of De Quincey's essays ('Murder as a Fine Art', 'Three Memorable Murders', and 'The Spanish Nun') are in almost dramatic contrast with the smiles and scintillations of the incorrigible Sidney. The two together complement each other and illustrate the pensive and mirthful sides of human nature. De Quincey had hardly a spark of humor; Sydney Smith was leagues removed from 'buskin'd tragedie.' To find the two amicably side by side in this delightful series shows that good fortune as well as bad makes us 'acquainted with strange bedfellows.' There is a luminiferous quality in Sydney Smith's humor that throws startling light into unexpected corners, while De Quincey's genius is a dark lantern illumining only obscure abysses of the moral nature. In the memorable passages compiled from the former the pepper of wisdom is pleasantly mingled with the salt of wit, each relieving the other as black relieves white. De Quincey's sombreness is unrelieved: it is a patch of shadow inky black, gilded only by the rays of an incomparable style. To this charming little series, so soon in its twenty-fourth volume, one may aptly address Caesar's words: 'Cæsarem vehis et fortunas ejus.' (\$1 each. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

MR. W. R. JENKINS adds a fourteenth volume to his choice collection of tales in French, this time combining in one cover De Tinseau's 'L'Attelage de la Marquise' and Legouvé's 'Une Dot,' both furnished with explanatory notes in English by Prof. Surnichrast. We have recommended this and its companion series of Roman Choisis so frequently, that it has now become almost a work of supererogation. Parenthetically, however, we may remark that the 'explanatory notes' of the last volume do not 'explain' much. (25 cts.)—A TWO-VOLUME edition of Hugo's 'Notre Dame de Paris,' with process illustrations by Bieler, Myrbach, and Rossi, from the same publisher, is marked by delightful typography, but the illustrations, though striking, are much washed out. Jean-Paul said that Shakespeare's words,

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep,

suggested whole books to him. This wonderful romance of Hugo's was suggested to him by the single Greek word ἀνάγκη (necessity), which he found carved by an unknown hand on the stone of one of the dark towers of the great cathedral: a symbolic word, mar-

vellous and picturesque, containing the whole secret of a laboring soul. The word has disappeared; the church and the romance remain.—(\$2.) THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON have attained the distinction of a translation into Volapük, with an aspect so like Hungarian that at first one is apt to take it for a specimen of the noble Magyar tongue. This feat is accomplished by Mr. Samuel Huebsch. (50 cts. A. L. Goetzel.)

A WELCOME NEW-COMER into the Golden Treasury Series is Mr. Andrew Lang's volume of translations from 'Theocritus, Bion and Moschus.' The Idyls and Fragments are rendered into English prose, but inasmuch as a poet has done it, the prose retains all the poetic charm of the originals. Mr. Lang has more than once proven his ability as a translator of the Greek poets, his prose translations of the Iliad and Odyssey being acknowledged among the best we have. The present volume, larger in size, first made its appearance about eight years ago; its excellence is now justly rewarded by placing it in a series of books recognized as classics. A charming essay, such as only Mr. Lang knows how to write, on 'Theocritus and His Age,' serves as an introduction to the Translations. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)—THOSE WHO LOVE to study the recondite and curious calendars of different nations and of different epochs will find a most useful collection of them in the 'Handy Book for Verifying Dates,' by T. T. Bond, published in the Bohn Reference Library. Here may also be found full and interesting accounts of the 'eras' of all the eons, from that of Abraham to that of the Persians. Lists of the British Sovereigns and Princes of Wales, of the Earls and Dukes of Cornwall and Earls of Chester—those former and present appanages of the English Crown—are side by side with like lists of the Earls and Dukes of Lancaster, and of the regnal years of the sovereigns of England and Scotland. The book is a mine of valuable and curious information, and the fourth edition is an eminent recognition of its usefulness. (\$2. Scribner & Welford.)

Magazine Notes

ONE OF Mr. Cole's engravings from the old masters is the frontispiece of the July *Century*. It is from 'The Adoration of the Kings' by Gentile da Fabriano. These pictures are becoming more interesting to the mere amateur of art than they were at the beginning of the series: their value then was greatest to the student. The subject of the present illustration is as correctly drawn as were the paintings of a century later. Winchester is the subject of Mrs. van Rensselaer and Mr. Pennell's cathedral article this month. It is curious how great a difference and yet how strong a likeness there is between the English cathedrals. The success one may make by sticking to a specialty is exemplified in the case of Thomas A. Janvier, who has made Mexico his literary hunting-ground, and here narrates the story of 'San Antonio of the Gardens.' Charles Barnard's article on 'Inland Navigation of the United States' is an interesting study of the rise and progress of lake and river steamers. There is nothing in which these vessels show a more decided improvement than in their decoration—a subject discussed by Mrs. van Rensselaer and illustrated with careful drawings. The best example of this improvement is found in the Fall River steamship Puritan, the latest addition to the 'floating palaces' of the Sound. Another example of the value of special study referred to in the case of Mr. Janvier, is to be found in the drawings of frontier life by Frederic Remington, who writes and illustrates a paper 'On the Indian Reservations.' Other artists have portrayed the red man in his native wilds, but to our mind none has shown certain types more veraciously than Mr. Remington. Charles deKay and J. W. Alexander, the one with pen, the other with pencil, describe 'Woman in Early Ireland,' and prove her to have been as interesting as she was picturesque. There are many other papers worth reading in this number of *The Century*, and to two of them we would call the reader's special attention: Mr. Mabie's Open Letter on 'Indians, and Indians,' and (in the same department) 'The Decline of the Editorial,' by W. T. Hunt of Newark.

Prof. Shaler's paper on 'The Problem of Discipline in Higher Education,' in the July *Atlantic*, is a plea for the liberality at Harvard which doubters and disbelievers are wont to call laxity. The writer's long connection (extending over thirty years) with the University, his comparatively intimate relations with more than one thousand students, not only in the class-room but in the field when engaged in Government surveys, and his general knowledge of some two thousand more, qualify him to speak with authority on almost any subject connected with the needs and qualities of American collegians. He believes, apparently, in extending rather than restricting the amount of freedom granted to under-graduates, in the conviction that they will acquire, and necessarily benefit by the ac-

quisition, a sense of responsibility from which a cast-iron rigidity of discipline tends to relieve them. On another point he observes that 'much as we may lament the separation of the world's work from the influence of those who are appointed its religious guides, we have to face it as a great social fact.' And apropos of the popular report of the evil behavior of Harvard students, he narrates an anecdote attributed to Gen. Grant. The great commander, when engaged in his first campaign on the plains, was aroused one night by the yelling of what seemed to be a vast pack of wolves. Creeping cautiously out of his tent to reconnoitre, he found that the whole terrific volume of sound proceeded from the throats of two wolves of average dimensions. The wolves of the moral are not the people who make an outcry against 'the fast set at Harvard,' but the half-dozen disorderly undergraduates who give the place a bad name. 'The Old Masters' in New York are the paintings stripped by Mr. Marquand from the walls of his private residence and given, with princely unselfishness, to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. 'The Tragic Muse' continues her triumphant course, suggesting among other things that Mr. James has somewhere struck an inexhaustible well of English dialogue undefiled, or defiled only by the liberality with which he flings about the word 'immense' and its derivatives: no hero of romance ever threw down his purse oftener, or with more utter disregard of how his next indebtedness was to be met, than Mr. James employs this expletive, either vicariously or in his proper person. Miss Agnes Repplier has hit upon the happy project of telling of the 'Books that have Hindered' her. Not all the works that have tended to paralyze her intellect or dwarf her moral being are pilloried, it is to be presumed, but only those that have been most baleful in their influence—a reader maliciously miscalled 'Reading Without Tears'; Milton's 'Areopagitica,' which made her an enemy to free printing at the tender age of fifteen; 'Sandford and Merton,' and 'The Heir of Redcliffe.' There is an extended review of Miss Morris's collection of her grandfather's journals and correspondence—'The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris'; and in The Contributors' Club the propositions advanced in a brief paper on 'Style' in literature are admirably illustrated in the page that follows, side-headed 'From a Convalescent's Window.'

'The Scholar in American Life,' an account of how that phenomenon should be treated and what might be expected of him, did he exist, begins the July *Forum*. It is by Bishop Henry C. Potter, whose ideas on the subject are of rather an Old World cast. He wants his scholar, when he has caught him, to be comfortably provided for at one of the universities, there to wait for the coming of the light, 'untrammelled by the petty cares, the irksome round, the small anxieties, which are sooner or later the death of aspiration and fatal obstacles to inspiration.' Dr. Edward Everett Hale glories in our extensive 'Market for Books,' contrasting it with the restricted English market, and prophecies that even without the aid of Congress, the copyright question will soon settle itself by the increase of branches of the English publishing-houses in this country, necessary to them in any case, as we want our books in a style different from the English and at one-sixth the cost. W. S. Lilly, in an article on 'The Ethics of Journalism,' is of opinion that the newspaper of to-day is a training-school of mendacity for all connected with it. Dr. George J. Romanes experiences little difficulty in showing up the 'Anti-Darwinian Fallacies' of Mr. Mivart. Prof. W. J. McGee points to the practically exhaustless store of bitumens, rock oil and gas as the fuel of the future, and Richard J. Hinton gives a wide estimate of the means and purposes of organized discontent.

The novelette with which *Lippincott's* opens, 'Ten Minutes to Twelve,' by M. G. McClelland, describes the perplexities of the parties to a marriage by proxy among the Virginia mountains. The second part of Mr. George W. Child's 'Recollections' relates exclusively to Gen. Grant, and makes us acquainted with some admirable and not too commonly known traits of the commander's character. A page of his handwriting in fac-simile and a photo-engraving of a picture of Indians and a post-trader painted by him illustrate the article. 'Our Greatest Inventor' recounts Ericsson's remarkable career, and prophesies great things of his caloric engine when the world's supply of fuel is exhausted. Thomas Nelson Page discusses the reasons of the lack of literary activity in the South before the War; there are three short poems—'Inspiration' by Debbie H. Silver, 'A Dervish' by Clinton Scollard, and 'Life' by Florence Earle Coates; Anne H. Wharton writes of 'The Courtesies of Summer resorts'; and there are the usual brief notices of recent publications.

In its efforts entertaining rather than practically useful to lawyers *The Green Bag* is meeting with considerable success—so much, indeed, that people not of the legal profession may find both pleasure and profit in it. The longest article in the June number

is on the Yale Law School, and is illustrated with a view of the building and with portraits of David Daggett, William L. Storrs, Francis Wayland, E. J. Phelps, William C. Robinson, Simeon E. Baldwin, Johnson T. Platt and William K. Townsend. There is a notice of William Henry Rawle, with a portrait; and of the curiosities of law there is quite a little collection in the *cause célèbre* of D'Anglade and in articles on 'Dreams Before the Law Courts' and 'Enigmas of Justice.'

'Fiction forms the staple of the July *Scribner's*. Mr. Harrison Robertson—a rising man, by the way—has a realistic story called 'How the Derby was Won,' with illustrations of an equally realistic character by Remington. T. R. Sullivan, who has distinguished himself as a playwright and also won his spurs as a writer of short stories, has a tale in this number which he calls 'The Rock of Bé-ranger.' There is always something more than a story in Mr. Sullivan's stories, and there is also a curious air of truth about them. This one treats of an international episode, and to judge by the portrait in the illustrations, Mr. Sullivan apparently figured in it himself. 'The Copeland Collection' is not an art criticism, as one might suppose, but a capital story by Miss Margaret Crosby, which has the good fortune to be illustrated by Robert Blum. The best French illustrators might envy the grace and delicacy of these drawings, which are perfectly reproduced by the photo-engraving process. The other fiction of the number is contributed by George A. Hibbard, who is his own illustrator; John R. Spears, H. H. Boyesen, Annie Eliot and R. L. Stevenson. The one solid article is on 'The Telegraph of To-day,' by Charles L. Buckingham, and it makes an excellent balance.

Literary New Brunswick

TRAVELLERS from Philadelphia to New York remember the broad band of red shale which, between Princeton and Newark, crosses New Jersey from the Delaware to the sea. From the car windows they have looked out on the quaint city by the Raritan River. They may have noted the nearest church steeple, which is an exact copy of one in Amsterdam, Holland. They recall the pretty campus, rich in trees and architecture, extending its bright green nearly to the railway tracks, and until recently fronted by the ball-topped gateway of old-time masonry. While the train rumbles over the high bridge spanning canal and river far below them, they note the hill on the left. It is crowned by an imposing central edifice flanked by small platoons of buildings on either side. This is the Theological Seminary of the Reformed [Dutch] Church in America, claiming to be the oldest in the country. In this city—the sanitarium first of the American and then of the British armies and their German allies during the Revolution, where 'the Hessian fly' still bites, and Hessian garlic still flavors annually the spring butter—stand Rutgers (once Queen's) College and Herzog Theological Hall. Both institutions were created and long fostered exclusively by the descendants of the Hollanders. The college is the eighth in point of age in the United States. The city is the ecclesiastical capital of the Reformed Church in America.

The literary beginnings of this old college town must be sought in 1720; when, according to true Holland custom, the domine and the schoolmaster arrived together. They came to minister to the colony of Dutch settlers from Long Island who, in loyalty to the ruling German house of Great Britain, named the hamlet on the Raritan *New Brunswick*. The domine was Theodorus Jacobus Frelinghuysen, the ancestor of Henry Clay's colleague in nomination for the Presidency, of the Secretary of State under President Arthur, and of the many illustrious men who in camp and cabinet, at bar and in pulpit, in colonial, revolutionary and recent times have borne that name. He labored thirty years in his arduous charge, and his five sons were clergymen. Like all the Dutch pastors in the American colonies, Domine Frelinghuysen was highly educated. He had been principal of a classical academy in Embden, Holland, and was noted for his literary culture. Schureman Street embalms in its name the memory of the schoolmaster and chorister who came with him. Frelinghuysen was the personal friend of Whitfield, Edwards and Tennent. His published works are volumes of sermons, two of which were translated into English, while a second edition of them was republished in Holland with the commendation of the University of Groningen. Another volume, issued in Philadelphia in 1745, was republished in New York in 1856. He died without the sight of the college for whose beginnings he labored, and of which his successor, Johannes Leydt, became a trustee, and his descendant, Theodore, the president. Leydt was also an elegant scholar, but wrote only pamphlets for the times, which, however, were printed and duly translated into English. Nearly all the successors of Frelinghuysen to the pastorate of the old church, Hardenbergh, Condit, Fonda, Ludlow, Ferris,

Janeway, How, Steele, were either college presidents or wrote works of a theological character.

The writings both political and religious of the popular Revolutionary chaplain William Linn were widely read, especially his witty replies to Thomas Paine and his 'Essays Justifying the French Revolution.' During the war the college buildings were burned by the British, because professors and students had enlisted almost in a body in the continental army. Especially prominent in the battles of Princeton and Germantown was Col. John Taylor, who wrote text-books on natural philosophy.

When peace dawned, the name of Queen's College was changed to that of Rutgers, after Colonel Henry Rutgers of Revolutionary memory; and the college revived. Among the literary lights of the newly-named institution were Rev. J. J. Janeway, author of 'Bible Commentaries,' Robert Adrain, whose text-book on Mathematics was long in use, and Lewis C. Beck, of a noted family of scientific men, whose works on chemistry and mineralogy were standards in their day. He was one of the first of the many scientific authors of New Brunswick, among whom are Theodore Strong, George A. Cook, and David Murray. Dr. Strong was one of the four or five great and original mathematicians of our country, and must be named along with Bowditch and Peirce. Besides contributing sixty or more important papers to scientific and mathematical journals, he wrote solid volumes on Algebra and Calculus, published respectively in 1859 and 1869. Dr. Cook wrote 'The Geology of the State of New Jersey,' a massive work, or library, packed with facts, but withal readable. Dr. David Murray, formerly Secretary of the Department of Education in Japan, and until recently Secretary of the State Board of Regents of New York at Albany, is the author of a 'Manual of Land Surveying' and 'Japanese Education.' He is also a writer of poetry and descriptive papers on old-time life. Prof. E. A. Bowser's books on 'Analytic and Integral Calculus' and 'Analytic Mechanics and Hydro-mechanics' are now in use in over fifty colleges and universities in the United States and Canada. His 'College Algebra' and 'Academic Algebra' are but lately off the press. Dr. Austen, a contributor to scientific periodicals, has translated Pinney's Treatise—the first book on organic chemistry ever published in this country.

Of the professors of Rutgers College who committed their thoughts to print, there have been some of considerable reputation. Henry Vethake, besides writing a treatise on 'Political Economy' that ran through several editions, was a voluminous contributor to 'The Encyclopædia Americana,' and editor of a 'Dictionary of Commerce.' Howard Crosby, now the New York pastor, whose Grecian and Assyrian scholarship is of national fame, gave the results of his Oriental travels and studies in the 'Lands of the Moslem' and 'Life of Jesus,' and edited with notes 'Ædipus Tyrannus' and 'Notes on the New Testament.' Rev. John D. Ogilby, afterwards in the Episcopal Church, wrote two books, 'The Catholic Church of England in America' and 'Argument against the Validity of Lay Baptism.'

It was first a necessity, and then a superstition, that the President of Rutgers, as of other colleges, must be a clergyman. This claim was broken when the present incumbent began his successful work. President Merrill E. Gates wields a trenchant pen and has contributed to various high-class periodicals papers of sterling merit on education and the Indian question. His wife is a poet of no mean rank. Jacob Cooper, a veteran educator and one of Yale's great Grecians and Hebraists, writes occasionally, but only for the serious reviews, once called quarterlies. Alexander Johnson, the author of 'A History of American Politics,' a history of Connecticut, and a 'School History of the United States' and the contributor of a large part of the text of Lalor's 'Cyclopædia of Political Science,' though now in Princeton, began his work in New Brunswick. Prof. T. S. Doolittle, D.D., one of the editors of *The Christian at Work*, has contributed liberally besides to the periodical press. He is also a literary partner in several bound volumes, such as the 'College Book'; and he has written a 'History of Rutgers College.' Dr. Austin Scott, Professor of History and active assistant of Mr. George Bancroft in preparing the latter's 'History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States' has in hand 'New Jersey' in the series of American Commonwealths. Prof. Martin Wyckoff, just from long service in Japan, and elected June 18, 1889, Adjunct Professor of Physics has published text-books in English and Japanese.

The Divinity School, which now wears her crown of over one hundred years of history, celebrated in 1884 her centennial anniversary in grand style. Visiting delegates from most of the younger American theological institutions, and letters from the Holland universities, lent interest to the proud occasion. She has had a noble memorial volume published in her honor.

Several of the men, locally illustrious in the Raritan Valley, who now look down at us from their faces of oil and frames of gilt in her chapel, are known as authors. Dr. John H. Livingston, the first professor, wrote living words which still thrill and burn in hymns and sermons. His Latin theses are yet studied as models of style, and his 'Constitution of the Reformed Church in America,' a durable literary masterpiece, and a treatise on ecclesiastical polity, is also an instrument of life and power to a half-million Americans. He left two volumes of sermons. Dr. James Spencer Cannon's 'Pastoral Theology' is still printed and sold. Many and lively are the memories of the witty, princely and eccentric Hebraist, Alexander McClelland, of whose books the 'Canon and Interpretation of Scripture'—one of the few good books on the subject—is best known. It has gone through two editions. A volume of Dr. McClelland's pungent discourses was called for and printed in New York long after his death. Dr. Joseph F. Berg, a master of many languages and sciences, and polemically a man of war from his youth up, was the champion alike against prelates and skeptics. With him the making of many books had no end. The titles of his bound works number over a score. Of his 'Reply to Archbishop Hughes' 150,000 copies were sold. His best known books were 'Dæmons and Guardian Angels,' a translation of 'Den's Theology' and a line of children's books and hymnals. Beginning to write when a lad, he died with a pen in his hand.

Of the present faculty of five professors whose houses cluster around the Sage Theological Library—the fire-proof home of one of the choicest special collections of books on this continent—several are writers. Prof. S. M. Woodbridge, the Dean, has written 'Didactic Theology.' Dr. John DeWitt, one of the revisers of the Old Testament, is the author of 'The Sure Foundation,' and of 'Praise Songs of Israel.' The latter book is a scholarly and poetic rendering of the Psalms from the advanced point of Hebrew scholarship, and is often referred to by European scholars. Rev. D. D. Demarest, D.D., ('D to the fifth power') has written an able work, 'The History and Characteristics of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church.' Rev. John Lansing, D.D., the author of the very successful 'Arabic Grammar,' the first published in America, is a Damascus-born oriental scholar, and specialist in Pre-Islamic Arabic literature. He spends his vacations in Egypt. He has in preparation 'A Study of the Song of Songs,' upholding the allegorical interpretation from the view-point of pre-Islamic Arabic poetry. Dr. E. T. Corwin, one of the stated lecturers, is noted for his 'Manual' (rather an encyclopædia) 'of the Reformed Church in America,' now in its third edition. Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, one of the Old Testament revisers, and editor of volumes in both the Lange and Meyer series of commentaries, is the author of 'The Psalter, a Witness to the Divine Origin of Christianity,' 'Companion to the Revised Old Testament' and 'Memoir of Theodore Frelinghuysen,' once President of Rutgers College, and candidate with Henry Clay for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.

Not all the literary fruit of New Brunswick minds has ripened on the walls of college or seminary. In the city proper are found poets and writers. The famous Dr. Gilbert Tennant, pastor of the Presbyterian church, has left us 'Lawfulness of Defensive War' and 'Sermons on Important Subjects.' Dr. David Davidson, his successor, wrote a 'History of Kentucky' and 'History of the Presbyterian Church of New Brunswick.' His wife, a minister's daughter, has told a sprightly story called 'The Old Parsonage,' which sheds a sunny glow over her early life in her father's house. Dr. John McClintock, whose dome-like head, classic, benevolent face, and winning manners, formed elements in the literary atmosphere of the city, is known in many fields of labor at home and abroad. As professor, his series of 'Greek and Latin Class Books'; as editor and main stay in 'body' articles for eight years of *The Methodist Quarterly Review*, as projector and large contributor to the McClintock-Strong 'Biblical, Theological and Ecclesiastical Cyclopædia,' as pastor of the American Chapel in Paris, as defender with word and pen of his country during the Civil War, as orator and gospel preacher, he won renown, and his addresses and sermons are remembered by thousands. He was the typical scholar of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Charles D. Deshler, who is still living and active, a generation ago wrote a work on ilshed by and not long since 'The Book of the English Sonnet' published by Chaucer, the Harpers. As author, editor and reviewer he has done some creditable literary and critical work. Stephen Fiske, one of the veteran writers of the New York press, has collected in book form his capital 'Off-hand Portraits of Prominent New Yorkers.' Concerning Gustavus Fischer (once Mayor of Berlin and a refugee of '48), the genial German scholar, pupil of Wilhelm Humboldt, it is enough to speak of his 'Latin Grammar,' and to quote from the sumptuous 'Harper's Latin Dictionary': 'It is proper to refer in particular to the valuable services of Gustavus Fischer, LL.D., of

New Brunswick, whose learning and research have given to many articles a fulness and thoroughness hardly attempted before in a Latin dictionary.

In college or amateur journalism the *Rutgers Literary Miscellany*, the *New Brunswick Review* and the *Rutgers College Quarterly* died after lives of various duration, not from lack of literary, but of printer's, sustenance; while *The Targum* still sticks to life, and pays its printer and business manager. It was issued for three years as an annual, but it has been since 1869 published as a monthly. The old annual 'Targum' is now issued as a student's fraternity catalogue with the Hawthornesque title 'The Scarlet Letter,' named not after Hester Prynne, but after the college color. Finally, a book about 'Books, and How to Read Them,' by Mr. J. C. Van Dyke, Librarian of the Sage Library and author of 'The Principles of Art' and 'How to Judge of a Picture,' are not the least among bound volumes.

With the corner-stone of the superb dormitory, Winants Hall, laid on the 18th ult., with the increasing resources and promise of Rutgers College, conceived in 1776, and now renewing her youth, the prospects of literary New Brunswick are yet good.

WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

The Lounger

THE CRITIC's London correspondent, the popular novelist Mrs. L. B. Walford, very kindly sent me an invitation, a little while ago, to a garden party given by her husband, Mr. Alfred Saunders Walford and herself, on Saturday, June 22, at their home near Ilford, Essex, England. Nothing prevented my accepting it but an engagement for the preceding day at Seabright, N. J.—a point some three thousand miles away. The prettily gotten up card bore, in addition to the text, an etching of Cranbrooke Hall—the broad, three-storied country house, embosomed amongst trees, and fronting upon a stream of water (the Thames?), where Mrs. Walford writes her delightful stories of English city and country life; and a side-note promising tennis and music gave a hint of the animated scene soon to be enacted on the lawn before its hospitable doors. But, besides this, a little stage was erected under the cedars, with a view to entertainment more intellectual than lawn-tennis. The 'At Home' was given to the members of the Salon—that unique and flourishing club described in our London Letter on March 23 as 'composed of all sorts and conditions of "working" men and women, whose sole necessary qualification lies in the fact that they are actually earning money by pen or pencil.' There was a goodly array of native writers—in fact, nearly all the 'literary names' of London; and a fair sprinkling of Americans—Bret Harte, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Moulton, Mary Anderson, and others. Mrs. Walford is especially hospitable to visitors from America; and a few weeks ago her eldest son went to his first Derby in charge of Mr. Wolcott Balestier, the young journalist and fiction writer of this city.

'OUR ROYALTY' is the title Mr. Warner chooses for his contribution to this month's Drawer in *Harper's*, his theme being the delight of the American people in creating and enthroning a king, and then in due season uncrowning him. It would be difficult, he imagines, to pay to King, Kaiser, Sultan or Tsar, greater honors than were heaped upon President Harrison on the 29th of last April, when he came hither from Elizabethport to represent George Washington.

Wherever he went he drew the swarms in the streets as the moon draws the tide. Republican simplicity need not fear comparison with any royal pageant when the President was received at the Metropolitan, and, in a scene of beauty and opulence that might be the flowering of a thousand years instead of a century, stood upon the steps of the 'dais' to greet the devoted Centennial Quadrille, which passed before him with the courageous *Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutamus*. We had done it—we, the people; that was our royalty. Nobody had imposed it on us. It was not even selected out of four hundred. We had taken one of the common people and set him up there, creating for the moment also a sort of royal family and court for a background, in a splendor just as imposing for the passing hour as an imperial spectacle.

TRUE ENOUGH, Mr. Harrison was not taken from the 'four hundred,' that sacred body consisting only of the ultra-fashionable 'set' in New York city; but to say that he is, or was, 'one of the common people' as distinguished from the class that constitutes New York's 'swell' society, is to give a vigorous twist to the meaning of the words. President Lincoln was 'one of the common people,' so was Garfield and so was Grant; but President Harrison was not. Garfield, Lincoln and Grant were all three men of obscure origin, while Mr. Harrison belongs to what is, with perhaps one exception, the most distinguished family in American political

history. Few even of his most ardent supporters, I fancy, believe that he would ever have been nominated for the Presidency, had not his grandfather filled that great office before him. The same superstition that makes the crown an hereditary possession the world over gave the present President of the United States an advantage from the start that his rivals would have parted with their eye-teeth for. I say this without the slightest intention of disparaging Mr. Harrison's abilities; but there never was and never will be a man so great as not to be helped by the reflected glory of his ancestors. It is one thing to make laws and another to eradicate instincts; and the instinctive feeling that, other things being equal, a man is more likely to be great and good because his father or grandfather was good and great, is too deep-rooted a plant to come up with any legislative tugging at its stalk.

'MAY I SAY A WORD,' writes 'R. R.,' 'on the subject of the national flower? Neither the Goldenrod nor the Kalmia can well be conventionally represented. The former would be reduced to a mere line or scrawl of yellow; the latter to a blotch of pink. The Goldenrod belongs to the great composite family, from which, for many reasons, the national emblem should be chosen. It is the most perfect type of floral arrangement, neatly symbolical of our union of sovereign States; various aboriginal nations have used some of its forms as emblems of the sun surrounded by a glory of rays; its species are extremely numerous, and America is the home of many of them. The majority are more decorative and show the peculiar arrangement of the florets much better than the Goldenrod. Without speaking of the Sunflower, which is ineffective in color and coarse of habit, there are the Rudbeckia or Cone-flower, common in the East, and the Madia and other Dahlia-like blooms of the Western plains. The latter are usually beautifully marked with zones of rich crimson and deep yellow, are as distinctly sun-like in shape as the sunflower, and would be in every way suitable. They repay cultivation and will doubtless give rise to as many fine garden varieties as the allied Chrysanthemum of Japan and Dahlia of South America.'

SOME ONE who knew what he was talking about said that his idea of success in life was to be an American artist and live in London. To be an American artist and live in New York means very little success as far as this world's treasures go, but in London the American-born painter is as well treated as the native, which means that he is something less than a Rothschild, but more than an ordinary millionaire. If one is to believe the published descriptions, there are no such modern houses in the world as those of the successful London artists. Among these there is none who lives more *en prince* than Prof. Hubert Herkomer. Prof. Herkomer is not an American by birth, but he lived in this country long enough to imbibe a good deal of its commercial energy, and he is a good enough American to serve as an illustration of my point. Prof. Herkomer is not only a painter but a wood-carver and actor, a playwright, a stage-carpenter and a composer of music. At his house in Bushey, one of London's delightful suburbs, he has a theatre in his front yard, and there, recently, was enacted a play of his own construction, for which he did everything himself except write the words of the lyrics—the only words used in the play. All the rest was music and dumb-show. In this play Prof. Herkomer out-Wagners Wagner, for the music is intended to tell the story so perfectly that the audience needs nothing but stage pictures and eloquent gesture to unravel the plot. The first of the performances of this music-play was given for the benefit of the critics, the others for charity; and both purposes were satisfactorily accomplished. Now all London is waiting for the next novelty at Bushey, for Prof. Herkomer is always busy at something, and next to our own Whistler is the best advertised artist in England.

CABLEGRAMS from London tell us that Mr. Rider Haggard's 'Cleopatra' has not met with as large a sale as anticipated, and they are cruel enough to hint that the star of the inventor of 'She' is on the wane. It would not at all surprise me if this rumor contained some grains of truth. The writer who deals in the purely imaginative has got to have something more than a vivid imagination to continue in popular favor. Mr. Haggard has not the lasting qualities that bespeak the attention of posterity. It is literature and not mere romancing that lives. 'Cleopatra' and stories of its class admirably serve the purposes of the newspaper syndicate, but the newspaper syndicate is a thing of the hour. The romance-writing of Hawthorne and (with all deference to Mr. Howells) of Sir Walter Scott is of the quality that endures even unto another generation. Who cares for 'She' when he can have Hester Prynne? for 'Cleopatra' when he can have Rebecca?

Boston Letter

WITH the opening of July, well-to-do Boston authors who have not gone to Europe are apt to be found at some retreat in the country or by the sea shore, where they can cool their bodies, if not their brains. They are fortunate in not being obliged to go very far for a change in this respect, a trip down the harbor bringing them to breezy seaside resorts where the difficulty of keeping warm is sometimes more apparent than that of subduing the melting mood in which the weather is prone to indulge at this season.

There is one seaward suburb of Boston which has long had an attraction for her men-of-letters, and which still leads one or two to pass the season there. This is the rocky headland of Nahant, where Prescott, Longfellow, Agassiz, and 'Tom' Appleton had houses, and which abounds in interesting historical and poetical associations. Being only about fifteen miles from the city, and accessible both by steamboat and railroad, it offers advantages which are appreciated by people of refinement and culture who like to be within easy distance of the gilded dome of the State House.

N. P. Willis picturesquely described Nahant as the palm of a buried Titan lying along the length of a continent with his arm stretched out in the midst of the sea, but this description gives no hint of the craggy heights and the singular caves and fissures which give a peculiar attractiveness to the place, or of the beautiful beach which Whittier has so sympathetically depicted.

The author of 'Washington,' the latest addition to the American Statesmen Series, has been a summer resident of Nahant for many years; here his father, an old-time merchant, resided, and here he is able to pursue those congenial studies which have made him so well known to students of American history. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, indeed, combines practical politics with his expositions of historical statesmanship in Nahant, for this is a part of his Congressional district in which he represents the horny-handed shoemakers of Lynn, as well as the fastidious society of the sea-girt peninsula.

Another literary man who has a summer cottage at Nahant is Robert Grant, who finds the place very convenient from its easy access to the city, which he visits daily in pursuance of his official duties as a member of the Boston Water Commission. I should think the bracing salt air would give him a stimulus for literary work, but though he is engaged on several stories and sketches, they are not likely to be published before his account of Tarpon fishing in Florida, which is soon to appear in *Scribner's*. His talent for depicting fashionable life and character might be felicitously exercised in Nahant, which has this season flowered out with a clubhouse, at which there are receptions twice a week to which ladies are admitted. The festivities of the club-house are expected to thaw the proverbial ice of society here. It was in reference to this characteristic that the phrase 'cold roast Boston' was applied to Nahant, a *mot* usually attributed to the late Thomas G. Appleton, though I have heard it claimed for another witty Bostonian—Mr. Daniel Sargent Curtis.

The historian Prescott, who passed eight or ten weeks of summer for twenty-five years at Nahant, found the beating of the waves against the rocky height of 'Fitful Head,' on which his house stood, favorable to reverie as well as to historical composition, and here he worked on his 'Ferdinand and Isabella' and the 'Conquest of Mexico.' But he was annoyed by the exactions of fashionable company, and complained that this social dissipation was detrimental to health, spirits, and scholarship. 'How can I escape it?' he wrote, 'tied like a bear to a stake here? I will devise some way another year, or Nahant shall be "Nae haunt of mine."'

But though Prescott's nervous and rheumatic sensibilities were unfavorably affected by the climate of Nahant—a fact which helps to account for the above complaints, Longfellow delighted in the place. He was soothed by the many-tongued voices of the ocean, and the salt air brought rest to body and mind. Whenever he felt weary he thought of his sea-girt retreat as a refuge from care and trouble. There he wrote part of 'Hiawatha,' and that poem on 'Seaweed' which throbs with the life of the ocean, the 'Ladder of St. Augustine,' 'The Bells of Lynn' which sound the blended voices of sea and shore, and many other lyrics that are full of the inspiration of the salt waves.

Motley also delighted in Nahant, and at the well-known Hood Cottage began his history of the Dutch Republic, while his fondness for the place was shared by other members of his family who are passing the present summer there.

Agassiz found Nahant a most attractive summer resort, as besides the beneficial effect of the bracing salt-air, the pools among the rocks near his cottage and laboratory afforded him fresh specimens from natural aquaria which were restocked on every rise of the tide, and his enthusiasm for his favorite researches led him there occasionally in winter. It was at Nahant that he pursued his

investigations into the conformation of sharks and skates, and his widow, who shared his scientific enthusiasm and literary labors, still has a cottage there.

Among the well-known Bostonians whose tastes and pursuits give them an active interest in literature, who have cottages at Nahant this season, are Mr. Edward H. Clement, editor of the *Transcript*, and Mr. George H. Mifflin and Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes of the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

An interesting book by a man who bore a prominent part in the agitation in the interests of slavery which helped to bring about the Civil War, and who was a prominent member of the Confederate Government at Richmond, is to be published by the above-mentioned firm in the autumn. The author, who is an octogenarian, is Reuben Davis of Mississippi who grew up with his State from the time it was the property of the Cherokee Indians. He figures, as I remember, in *Punch's* amusing satire 'The Fight over the Body of Keitt,' which is based on the struggle in Congress over the admission of Kansas, as 'the ra'al hoss of wild Mississippi.'

As a typical Southern gentleman of the old school, a prominent lawyer and leader of his party in national as well as state affairs, Mr. Davis is able to throw light upon the condition of things which prevailed in the palmy days of the 'old plantation' as well as in the period of secession. He quarrelled with Jefferson Davis in regard to the conduct of the War, and as the result showed, with good reason. The book gives a lively picture of social life and customs in the South, dinner parties, costumes, law-suits and affairs of honor, as it was the mode to call duels. The author having been a duellist himself writes with authority on the subject, and the nonchalant way in which he refers to the custom as not out of date, gives a certain piquancy to his narrative.

I hear that the 'The Genesis of the United States,' the important historical work by Alexander Brown of Virginia, which is based on original documents, is an assured success, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers, having received in reply to their circular 340 subscriptions at \$12 each, while only 300 were asked for, in advance of the book being seen.

Mr. Edwards Roberts, who has lately returned from a trip through Washington Territory and California, is about setting out on a journey to the Sierra Nevada, where he will camp out till late in the autumn. He will write accounts of his experiences for *Harper's* and *The Evening Post*.

BOSTON, July 1, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

Ex-President Woolsey of Yale

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY, President of Yale College from 1846 to 1871, died at his home in New Haven last Monday morning. Dr. Woolsey was born in this city on Oct. 31, 1801, and so was nearly eighty-eight years of age. His father, William W. Woolsey, was a New York merchant, and his mother, Elizabeth Dwight, was a sister of President Timothy Dwight of Yale, grandfather of the present President Timothy Dwight. Through his mother, therefore, he was a great-grandson of Jonathan Edwards. After graduating at Yale in 1820 he studied law at Philadelphia and theology at Princeton. Shortly afterwards he was licensed to preach; but in 1827 he went abroad to pursue the study of Greek, remaining in France, Italy and Germany three years. From 1831 to 1846 he was Yale's Professor of Greek, and from the latter year till 1871 her President—a term of service in the administrative office of the same length as President Barnard's at Columbia, the difference being that President Woolsey's was terminated by his resignation and Dr. Barnard's only by his death. He was a wise and successful executive officer, and aided the College by the generous use of his private fortune, founding undergraduate scholarships, for one thing, and contributing valuable books to the Library, for the other. Harvard made him a D.D. in 1847, and an L.L.D. in 1886. He was a recognized authority on international law, and a prized contributor to the magazines and reviews. For some years, beginning in 1853, he was the editor of *The New Englander*. As an author his name appears on the title-pages of editions of the Greek text, with English notes, of the 'Alcestis' of Euripides, the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the 'Electra' and the 'Antigone' of Sophocles and the 'Gorgias' of Plato; an 'Introduction to the Study of International Law, Designed as an Aid in Teaching and in Historical Studies,' 'Essays on Divorce and Divorce Legislation, with Special Reference to the United States,' a 'Manual of Political Ethics,' 'Communism and Socialism in their History and Theory: A Sketch,' 'Helpful Thoughts for Young Men,' 'Religion of the Present and of the Future,' (sermons preached chiefly at Yale College), and 'Political Science; or, The State, Theoretically and, Practically Considered.'

The Washington Memorial Arch

THE FUND for making permanent the Washington Square Memorial Arch continues to grow. From June 27 to July 2, both inclusive, it increased in amount from \$45,470.11 to \$46,190.61. It will be observed that \$25 came from so remote a city as San Francisco. The individual contributions of \$5 or more were as follows:

\$100 each:—Mrs Benjamin L. Swan, Jr.; Park & Tilford.

\$50 each:—Hugh N. Camp; Thomas L. Manson, Jr.

\$46:—Employees of Street Cleaning Department (third installment).

\$25 each:—Russell Sturgis, and Bruce Price (both through the Architectural League); Janet P. Dana; James B. Randol of San Francisco, Cal.

\$10 each:—A. W. Drake; H. O. Avery; Charles T. Berg; Thomas Tryon; Henry Holt; F. J. Shaw's Sons; Edward H. Clark; A. W. Brunner; Charles A. Rich; P. J. Lawritzen; A. B. Turnure; J. S. Conover & Co.; Thomas Dimond; Orrin D. Persen (all through the Architectural League); W. A. Camp; J. G. Nelson; Callahan & Morrissey.

\$6.50:—Seven subscribers in American Zylonite Co.

\$5 each:—F. A. Wright; Joseph Wolf; F. Schaeffler; E. K. Rossiter; J. Hyslop; M. M. Berg; Mrs. Charles T. Berg; John Renehan; W. F. Pietch; R. T. Barnes; J. B. Lyman; Herman Loeb; R. W. Gibson; Joseph Hartley; Mrs. Eva M. Storm; Henry T. Storm; Charles R. Lamb; F. S. Lamb (all through the Architectural League); Mary Dewey; 'A tricycler' (recorded last week as 'A. Griegeler'.)

The Fine Arts

Sale of the Secretan Collection

THE SALE of the Secretan collection was begun in Paris on Monday by Boussod, Valadon & Co. and Charles Sedelmeyer. The sensation of the day was the sale of Millet's 'Angelus' to the Louvre for \$111,000, in the face of lively bidding by the American Art Association. Some of the more notable prices brought by the 101 numbers disposed of on the first day for \$743,720, were \$30,000 paid by Coquelin the actor for Delacroix's portrait of the actor Regnier; \$16,800 for 'Biblis,' by Corot; \$15,200 paid by the Government for Courbet's 'The Deer Cover'; \$8,500 for Charles Daubigny's 'The Return of the Flock'; \$14,000 for 'Monkeys as Art Experts,' by Decamps; \$18,400 for the same artist's 'The Slinger'; \$7,200 for 'Venus and Adonis,' by Diaz; \$8,000 for Dupr e's 'Banks of a River'; \$8,600 for Fromentin's 'The Chiffa Pass' and \$8,200 for his 'Hawking'; \$15,020 for 'A Wedding in the Church of Delft,' by Isabey; \$38,000 (the Duc d'Aumale being the purchaser) for 'The Cuirassiers,' by Meissonier (who got married on the day of the sale); \$18,020 for 'The Vicar's Wine,' by the same artist; \$14,200 for his 'Bowl-Players at Versailles,' and \$13,200 for his 'Reader.' A pastel by Millet, 'Peasant Watering Two Cows,' brought \$5,200.

Tuesday was the second and last day of the sale. The principal paintings disposed of were Hooghe's 'Interior of a Dutch Dwelling,' to Durand Ruel for \$55,200; Frans Hals's 'Portrait of Pieter van den Broeke, Founder of Batavia,' \$22,000; Rubens's 'David and Abigail,' \$22,400; Metsu's 'Breakfast,' \$17,000; Metsu's 'Dutch Interior,' \$12,900; Jan van der Meer's 'The Lady and the Servant,' \$15,000; his 'The Billet-doux,' \$12,400; and Van Dyck's 'Portrait of Lady Cavendish,' \$14,800. 'The Five Senses'—'Sight,' 'Hearing,' 'Taste,' 'Touch,' and 'Smell,'—by Teniers, painted on as many separate copper plates, brought \$12,050. Christine Nilsson carried the bidding for Drouais's 'Portrait of the Countess Dubarry' up to \$7,200. Mr. Agnew, who secured the Hals, the two Metsus and other important works, is supposed to have been buying for the Kensington Museum. Durand Ruel bought for Mr. Havemeyer of this city. The best of the Meissoniers in yesterday's sale were purchased for Mr. Vanderbilt. The sum realized from Tuesday's sale was \$380,493, which added to Monday's \$743,720, makes a grand total for the two days of \$1,124,213.

Art Notes

THE RECORD of the Royal Academy Exhibition, 'Royal Academy Pictures, 1889,' published in two parts, is far the most satisfactory that has yet been issued. Last year, the novelty of its large pages and photo-engraved illustrations gave it somewhat of an experimental air. Its reappearance this year, however, removes all doubts as to its being a paying venture. The public is the gainer, for it is necessary that we should have some proper representation of the

works of British artists. These photo-engravings, while they cannot be supposed to give an adequate account of any work in which color plays a great part, are much more than the mere notes in pen-and-ink which illustrated the Academy catalogues. They may serve not only to remind one who has seen a picture of its subject, leading forms and general effect, but will, in many cases, give a fair idea of its treatment and handling to one who has not seen the original. A glance through the two parts makes it evident that the present year's exhibition is like most former ones, in that the best pictures shown are either landscapes or *genre* pieces. Orchardson's 'The Young Duke,' Calderon's 'Home,' H. S. Tuke's 'All Hands to the Pumps' and Claude Lathrop's 'The Little Bread-Winner' are good examples of the latter class; McWhirter's 'Fairy of the Glen' (a rowan tree or mountain ash, delicately pencilled against a grey Scotch sky), Ernest Parton's 'The Winding Thames,' C. W. Wylie's 'Road by the Shore' and B. W. Leader's 'Cambria's Coast,' of the former. Of the few ideal and historical subjects we like best Arthur Lemon's 'Outpost of Gauls on the Roman Campagna' and Arthur Hacker's 'Return of Persephone.' Of the statuary, J. E. Boehm's 'Enniskillen Dragoon' and Onslow Ford's 'The Singer' make the best appearance in illustration. (Cassell & Co.)

—That reliable guide for the artist, amateur and collector, *The Art Amateur*, presents with its July number a colored plate after a water-color by Matt Morgan, 'In Sunny Spain,' and a plate in pale blue and gold showing a happy adaptation of the forms of snow-crystals to China-painting. A Chinese blue and white Keen-Lung vase is illustrated on the first page of the body of the magazine. A number of Knaus's excellent sketches of children and street characters illustrate an article on that most genial of German painters. An article on chairs and sofas contrasts the agreeable Louis Quinze style with the comfortless Empire furniture and that of our own time, which if not comfortable is without merit of any sort. Theodore Child has the first of a series of articles on the Paris Centennial Exhibition; and the Note-Book gives a condensed account of the Royal Academy.

—Gen. James Grant Wilson (dating his letter from the Athenaeum Club) writes to the *Tribune* that there are in London 'two important portraits of Washington and an interesting miniature belonging to Lord Rosebery.' The latter is included in the Burlington Fine Arts Club exhibition of miniatures. The painter's name is unknown. The second picture is a life-size bust by Pine in the possession of Mr. James McHenry. 'The third and perhaps the most important portrait is a full-length, executed in 1779 by Peale. It was intended as a present for the French King and was intrusted to Henry Laurens who, when on his way to Holland to negotiate a loan for Congress, was captured near Newfoundland by H. M. S. Vestal, Captain Keppel, and with the picture carried to England. It is understood that this extremely valuable portrait can be purchased for a reasonable price of the present owner, a well-known nobleman and the descendant of Laurens's captor.'

—Mr. Howard Russell Butler, President of the Board of Trustees of the newly incorporated American Fine Arts Society, reports that one-half of the \$50,000 of stock to be issued has already been taken up, mostly in sums of \$500 and \$100. About sixty life-fellowships have also been secured. Holders of these, on the payment of \$100, receive five season-tickets to every exhibition of the Society. Among those who have already taken fellowships are H. G. Marquand, Elliott F. Shepard, E. L. Young, Miss Catherine S. Hawley, William Loring Andrews, Edward Lauterbach, Levi P. Morton, J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Archbold, William A. Wheelock, William Allen Butler, Wm. Allen Butler, Jr., Jr., Edward D. Adams, Francis Ormond French, Marcus Hartley, Geo. F. Baker, Wm. E. D. Stokes, Harris C. Fahnestock, Charles T. Wills, Isaac N. Seligman, Calvin S. Brice, Samuel D. Babcock, Thomas Allen, Edward A. Seccomb, Frederick W. Whitridge, Charles R. Hedden, Louis B. McCagg, Richard V. Hartnett, Florence Krolber, Henry Correja, Leonard E. Opdycke, Elizabeth S. Cheever, S. P. Avery, Curtis C. Perry, Francis R. Upton, James R. Sutton, Gardiner G. Hubbard, Wm. H. Russell, B. G. Clark, John D. Crimmins, Thomas B. Clarke, J. A. Garland, Samuel Thomas, Roswell P. Flower, Thomas H. Hubbard, Oliver S. Carter, Charles G. Landon, William T. Evans, H. B. Slaven, Mrs. George Buckingham, Edward H. Kendall, George W. Van Slyck, C. F. Cox, James Speyer, J. Scott McComb, Maria J. C. A. Becket, Howard Mansfield, Thomas Dimond. One-half of the proceeds of these fellowships will go to the building-fund and the other half will be divided among the Society of American Artists, the Art Students' League, the Architectural League and the Society of Painters in Pastel, which will give the exhibitions. A building 50x200 feet and costing \$200,000, will be erected. It will be between Fifth and Sixth Avenues and will extend from Forty-third to Forty-fourth Street.

Notes

EVERY morning's mail brings a bundle of letters and postal cards from subscribers, addressed to the editors or publishers of THE CRITIC, requesting a change of the address of their papers. Why will not these subscribers bear in mind the fact that, in order to have their requests promptly attended to, it is necessary that they should give both the old and the new address? THE CRITIC'S subscription clerk is proud of the fact that he has charge of a subscription list which includes many thousand names, presumably of people of the very highest order of intelligence. He is wise, patient, and amiable; but when he gets a postal card, bearing an illegible postmark, on which is written, "Hereafter please send my CRITIC to Waterville, N. H. John Smith,"—only this and nothing more,—he contemplates that subscription list with dismay, and the name of that particular subscriber with indignation and despair. Perhaps Mr. Smith has written once or twice during the year, requesting to be informed as to the date to which his subscription has been paid. He might have spared himself this trouble, as the date on the address label answers that question for every subscriber.

—A very severe affliction has lately befallen Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton in the sudden loss of his eldest son, Richard Edward. His death, which was wholly unexpected by his parents, took place in his rooms in Paris. This young gentleman, who was remarkably endowed and accomplished, after passing a few years ago a brilliant examination at the Sorbonne, where he gained a fellowship, was called to a chair of English literature in the University of France. With his fine gifts and great promise, his untimely death is much lamented.

—Late last Tuesday night the *Times's* London correspondent cabled to this country:

"I learn that Wilkie Collins has had a stroke of paralysis, which, I believe, is his second, and he lies in an unconscious state at the house where he was to have dined Sunday with Sebastian B. Schlesinger, one of the most prominent members of the American colony here and an intimate friend of the novelist. The dinner was given to the Kendals, and Mr. Collins was anxious to come, but at the last moment he was too ill. Mr. Schlesinger tried to induce him to go into the country, as the heat here had much affected his health, but Collins smilingly said he was too much of a cockney ever to want to leave London."

—Charles Scribner's Sons announce a series of historical works covering the entire period from the discovery of America to the end of Southern reconstruction after the Civil War. The volumes—four in number—will treat of 'the epoch of discovery and of colonization; the French and Indian War and the Revolution—essentially forming one period as regards both the political current of events and many of the actors therein; the discussion and adoption of the Federal Constitution after the successful issue of the Revolution, and the growth in national consolidation of the different and at first discordant States; and the sectional conflict over the institution of slavery, from the rise of the slave-power to the end of the reconstruction period.' Each epoch will be treated by a writer of eminence, 'not only a recognized authority in American history, but a writer of acknowledged literary reputation as well.' The series has been long in preparation, and is designed to make good the lack of any work on America in Messrs. Scribner's series of Epochs of History.

—Miss Heloise Durant of this city has written a drama of which Dante is the hero, and published it in London through Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Reviewing it *The Athenaeum* says:

For the rest it may be said that Miss Durant knows her Dante fairly well (though we hardly think that Dante could have been called 'a lion among the learned' at the time of the battle of Campaldino); that she is orthodox on the Beatrice question; that she thinks Gemma was probably better than later times have supposed; that she is a follower of the late Dean of Westminster in holding that Alfred founded Oxford University, and of the present Dean of Wells in believing that Dante visited it; and that she takes Mr. Browning rather than the Elizabethans as her model for dramatic composition. Many people will probably read her drama with pleasure.

—'D. M.' writes to the *Times* that it is proposed to place a memorial tablet to the late Rev. E. P. Roe, the novelist, on one of the inside walls of the Presbyterian Church at Highland Falls, N. Y. It was the first and last church of which he had charge, his ministry beginning nearly 24 years ago; and the present place of worship 'was built as a result of the untiring efforts and energy of this "knight of the nineteenth century." Any one desiring to aid in this movement may address the present pastor or Isaac Birdsley, 'but funds are not solicited.'

—Mr. George R. Jessop sailed from Liverpool last Saturday. His 'Judge Lynch: A Tale of the California Vineyards' will be

published in London early in July, by Longmans, Green & Co. In New York it will bear the imprint of Belford, Clarke & Co.

—It will interest the friends of Mr. Henry Norman of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, to know that at last accounts his tour around the world had taken him as far as Macao.

—Twenty-three years ago, Austin Dobson turned into English, from the French of Manuel, 'Captain Castagnette: His Surprising, almost Incredible, Adventures.' Since then, as a circular informs us, Mr. Dobson has 'ascended to one of the highest Pinnacles of Fame in the Empire of Letters'; but hitherto no new edition of this old translation has appeared. Now, however, comes a prospectus announcing a handsome reprint of the book, with impressions on India paper of the forty-three original illustrations designed by Doré, whom the translator held up to admiration, twenty-three years ago, as 'the most facile, fertile, and gifted book illustrator of this or any previous time.' The publisher of this new edition, which is limited to 200 copies, numbered and signed, is Mr. Frank Murray, Moray House, Derby, Eng.

—'Log Cabins and How to Build and Furnish Them,' by William S. Wicks, is announced by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. It will contain many plans and other illustrations.

—Cheap pirated editions of American novels are said to be among the most popular books sold at the railway stations in India. A traveller says he has bought Lew Wallace's 'Fair God' and 'Ben-Hur' for 15 cts. each. Anna K. Green's 'Leavenworth Case' is offered for 12 cts. The works of Uncle Remus also are for sale in paper covers. All of Bret Harte's books are pirated, and Mark Twain's books are sold for a song. Longfellow's poems can be had for a dime and Emerson's essays in cloth for 20 cts. Mrs. Burnett's novels are sold at one-fifteenth the price they bring in America.

—Mr. Lee Meriwether, author of 'A Tramp Trip' and 'The Tramp at Home,' has resigned his position at Washington to take the office of Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics and Inspection of the State of Missouri.

—*The Athenaeum* of June 22 praises highly Prof. A. S. Hardy's 'Passe Rose.' In the same number 'That Frenchman,' by another American novelist, the creator of 'Mr. Barnes of New York,' is treated in the way *The Saturday Review* used to treat poor English books and good American ones, only in this case the American book deserves all it gets.

—A limited lithographed edition of the first part of the 'Bibliography of Meteorology,' long in course of preparation by the Signal Service Bureau, has recently made its appearance. It is a quarto of 382 pages, indexing titles of all books and important articles on the subject of temperature from the origin of printing to the end of 1881. The second part will cover the years 1882-7, inclusive. *Nature* commends the work as one of the greatest importance, and expresses a hope that its favorable reception in all countries will ensure its regular publication.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1466.—Will you kindly inform me where I may learn something of Edna Lyall, author of 'Donovan,' 'We Two,' etc.?

ERIE, Pa.

B. K.

[Her real name is Ada Ellen Bayly.]

1467.—About three years ago there was a quotation in your paper of the line from Shakspeare,

My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

I have hunted in vain for it. Can you tell me where it is to be found?

WATERTOWN, CONN.

E. J. R.

[It is the last line of the fiftieth Sonnet.]

1468.—Will you kindly inform me which you consider to be the best of George Sand's novels?

NEW YORK.

MONA.

ANSWERS

1463.—'How He Saved St. Michael's' may be found in a book of 'Choice Selections,' compiled by Mrs. C. D. Field of Rochester, N. Y., and published in that city by E. R. Andrews.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

O. H. A.